

Glimpses of Chile's Chief Cities

BY JAMES H. WROTH.

(Mr. Wroth, son of Dr. and Mrs. James H. Wroth of Albuquerque, is a mining engineer now with the Chile Exploration company, a Guatemalan corporation, which is developing what are believed to be the most extensive copper deposits in the world at Chuquibambilla, Chile. Albuquerque friends of "Jim" Wroth will not be surprised to learn that he has found time to explore pretty thoroughly the social life and attractions of the two principal Chilean cities, Santiago and Valparaiso, of which he has given some charming glimpses in the following portions of recent letters to Albuquerque.)

We went to the Grand hotel (Santiago) for tea, and afterwards drove out to the Quinta, another park, and around the different driveways and roads. It is a pretty park with lawns, lawns and flower beds, and all the things like California, as proper from, coneyrines and palms abound, and the air has the same soft quality that puts one at peace with the world. The Quinta is the park maintained by the agricultural bureau of Chile and there are long lines of pens filled with domestic cattle, sheep, dogs, chickens and all sorts of domestic beasts. It is a large place and we drove for some time. It was nearing sun down when we came out and after one suggested that we go to the Cerro Santa Lucia to see the sunset.

The Cerro Santa Lucia is a low mountain, rising out of the plain on which Santiago is built, to a height of two or three hundred feet. It is in the center of the city and has played quite a part in the history of Chile. It was on this mountain that Valdivia, the conqueror of Chile, received the surrender of the natives and their submission to Spanish rule, and from that day until very recently it has been crowned by a fortress. It is like Chapultepec in Mexico in some ways, only not so large. Now it is a "parque." A winding roadway leads almost to the top. It is fairly sprinkled with commemorative statues and a really magnificent entrance to the Cerro has been built, as well as a beautiful paved court at the top of

the carriage drive. From this court a flight of winding stairs takes one to the summit and from there a wonderful view of the city, lying below on all four sides, is obtained. A moving picture show holds forth in the park, using a screen erected against the hillside, but I need not dwell on that or on the excellent restaurant hidden in the rocks nearby. We could go to see the sunset, or "punta del sol" as they say it here. It was wonderful. The sun was the city, a shadowy mass of tiled roofs and bright towers with vistas of nature and their palms and fountains; then the country beyond with its green fields and vineyards, and long lines of poplar trees and an occasional stand of water shining through. Beyond all this the low hills of the coast range with the red sun slowly sinking. But while all this was wonderful, the view to the east was nothing short of marvelous. There were the wonderful Andes, rising tier on tier, from tree clad foot hills to the rocky, snow-capped peaks and all glowing in that rare pink that so often appears on the Andes at home. We didn't say much. Conversation wasn't needed. As the lights began to peep out of the gravities below we picked up our car and descended to the town, this time to the central square, or "Plaza de Armas," a beautiful little back in the heart of the city and one which reminds of the plaza in Guadalajara. It has the same "portales" or porticoed sidewalks on two sides, the cathedral

on the third and a line of government buildings to complete the square. Here it is the custom to stroll before dinner, so we found the crowd on the broad walks. Allow me to say that the Chileans are the first Spanish-American people I have seen who have the elusive thing known as "style." Both their men and their women have it. The men are small but quick, active and alert and as a rule are good looking and well dressed. They don't give one the idea of dressed up dandies, as the young men in Mexico City do. They look like real men who you'd like to know and who are worth knowing, as I have found out. As for their women, well, I may have been out in the woods long enough to have got some of my sense of proportion, but they certainly are fine looking and exceedingly well-dressed. They have wonderful complexions, are small featured and aristocratic in appearance and lack very much like our own girls at home. The manners of the carriage and aristocratic bearing of these women was in marked contrast to the Indian types we see at the mine. I am assured by the ladies of our party that the clothes I see are the very latest thing from Paris. Whatever that may mean, the result is very charming.

I could write for hours of this city, but can sum it all up by saying that Santiago is the center of Chilean life and that the people one sees here are our equals in appearance, breeding and all that goes to make for civilization. I will go a bit further and say that the use of the "maquina" is very picturesque. The "maquina" is a very thin silk scarf of black. It is drawn tightly around the head and neck and then falls loosely over the shoulders. It vies in popularity with the Parisian hat, apparently, for one sees it as often in carriages and limousines as on the sidewalks. It is a most attractive headgear.

After the promenade we returned to the hotel to prepare for dinner. Usually we took our meals at the Santiago restaurant where, one made was good and the service excellent. I preferred this place because it was the more active, although I had cards at the "Club Union" and the "Club St. Leger," the two best clubs in the city. I will defer to another time my remarks about Chilean dishes. I have become quite used to coffee and rolls

in the morning, with a big meal at noon and another at 8 o'clock, which is the custom here. Saturday was quite a day. I paid a call on a dentist in the morning and in the afternoon called on the director of the government earthquake service; the best service of its kind in the world. My visit was highly successful as I succeeded in getting the service to put an observatory in Chuquibambilla with myself in charge. They are to send me all the necessary recording instruments and instructions.

On the way to Valparaiso. I believe I left off last week at the mill at Frutillar, waiting for a chance to get back to Rancagua. Thursday noon, after lunch they fitted me out with a car. The company furnished a man to run the wheels and a crew of three men who wanted to get down from the mine and who were allowed to ride on the car provided they push when the level parts of the road are reached. There are a few short stretches of level grade and these chaps work their passage by pushing over those parts. Most of the way the grade is steep enough to coast and it is a great trip, coasting down the mountain in Rancagua, about 45 miles. The car goes at a great clip, around curves and over bridges. It is a scenic trip and very enjoyable. I reached Rancagua about 5 o'clock and caught a train a few minutes later for Santiago, arriving there about 7. The next morning I left for Valparaiso. The trip is interesting. We travel north from Santiago up the central valley for quite a distance through fields, vineyards and orchards until we strike one of the transverse ranges that occasionally cross the valley. Turning west and following the hills as soon as the divide is reached we enter a broad valley running east and west. It is one of the most famous valleys in Chile, known as the Vale of Quillota and is the garden spot of the country. In the lower along the way are located the big farming industries of the country, also there are several breweries in this valley. At the stations and on the platform are hundreds of fruit and flower vendors and the huge piles of fruit look like a continuous fair exhibit.

As we get closer to the sea the fruit disappears and rounding a long curve we start out of a little valley into Vina del Mar. Vina del Mar is the one and only fashionable resort in Chile and all the rich Chilean families from all parts of the country come there for the season. It is set on low rolling hills above the sea with beautiful driveways winding up. There are hundreds of villas and "chalets" each with its lawns and flower gardens. The streets are filled during the season with the turnouts, with grooms in livery and all that sort of thing. When these people go it is for style, to see the limit, and they still cling to their horses, although the automobile is getting a foothold and fine limousines are quite frequent. Some of the horses are wonderful. Vina is across the bay from Valparaiso. The bay is a big semi-circle with Vina at one extremity and Valpo at the other, the latter city extending a fourth of the way around the circle.

Valparaiso is a queer town built on a sort of fringe around the bay. There is a narrow strip of nearly level land along the water front about two short blocks in width. Then the hills rise precipitately and the upper part of the town is built on the hills overlooking the bay. It is a pretty town on account of the view from the heights and the name indicates appreciation as it means "Valley of paradise." The shelf of level land widens out toward the eastern end of the city, called the "Alameda" and is all artificial ground, made by filling in the bay. It was in this portion of the town that the earthquake was so terribly destructive. The western part, built on solid ground, was not so badly damaged. The scars of the earthquake are practically all healed up, although there are occasional ruins visible behind high fences.

The business part of the city is on the narrow shelf of land along the water front and the streets follow the contour of the shore with a few extra turns and twists thrown in for good measure. Most of the buildings are low, owing to the earthquake, but are well built and rather good looking. The streets are all well paved with asphalt and there is a good car system.

Women Street Car Conductors. I might add that both here and in Santiago the car conductors are women. It seems that some years ago there was a strike and the strikers were replaced with women who gave such good service that they have been retained. It is a bit unusual to pay your fare to an official in skirts and a shawl; but it seems to work and everyone is satisfied. In spite of the invasion of his sphere mere man continues to hold his own on the front end of the car, as the motormen are all men—naturally.

To relieve the cramped appearance of the narrow business section a lot of small plazas have been maintained at intervals with the inevitable statue of some hero of Chilean history. The lower shelf of land widens out in the "Alameda" and just about the center of the town, measuring around the bay, is the Plaza Victoria, a very attractive little square and the center of the life of the city. From here two splendid avenues run toward Vina, the Avenida Victoria and the Avenida Central. On the former are located all the theatres and "conciertos," a combination of restaurant, ice cream parlor and bar. There are some splendid theatres, largely given over to moving pictures, although a stock company was holding forth in Spanish light opera at one place. Needless to say the Spanish idea of a suitable plot for an opera would have to be edited considerably before being presented in our country, but it seems to satisfy here. One of my acquaintances told me I should have seen the original of the "Girl in the Taxi." It has a Spanish name which I don't remember and was translated from Austrian into Spanish as well as English. From what I hear the English version is a mere shadow of the original and that I believe was suppressed in Boston. All the movies run two hours with a 20-minute intermission between

each hour. During this intermission it is the proper thing to promenade up and down the Avenida Victoria for a block or two. There are five or six theaters in the one block and the street is crowded from curb to curb with "casacaes." Uniforms are greatly in evidence wherever you go. Chile has the finest army in South America and you see army and navy officers everywhere, and a fine looking lot of men they are too, well set up and well uniformed.

The Chilean is, I believe, the politest individual I have ever encountered. I was fortunate enough to have cards at the best clubs in both Santiago and Valparaiso and was never treated as well anywhere. What particularly struck me was the consideration shown my rather bad Spanish. When I made a slip instead of laughing in my face as would an American, they would politely help me out with the proper word or phrase. While the average Chilean has a somewhat dubious opinion of the United States, he is very partial to the individual American who comes the way and I have been the recipient of many favors and kindnesses from Chileans who have gone out of their way to do them.

To get back to my description of Valparaiso. The hills rise so steeply from the lower part of town that the streets do not continue up the hills. Instead every few blocks is an electric "Ascensor" or elevator, running up a steep incline. The fare is two cents in one money. Arriving at the top one finds the residence section, with parks and streets and car lines all its own and entirely separate from the lower part of town except for the connection made by the "Ascensors." From the residence section the view is fine, with a sweep of the bay and the houses rising tier on tier up the hillside. I might just say that the steep hillside between the lower and upper parts of the town are entirely devoid of advertising signs, overlooking a golden opportunity to improve the quality of the scenery.

This is the latter part of the season in Vina and there are races on Sunday. They race every Sunday during the season at Vina and during the rest of the year at Santiago. The race course at Vina is very pretty and is laid out at the mouth of a little valley coming down from the hills. The "tribunas" or stands are artistic and present a striking picture when filled with the Sunday crowd. The Sunday races are the social events of the week and the people put on their very best clothes, the women especially. I have seen some that to me were bewildering costumes. Here I am informed that nothing is worn but the latest Parisian scream.

There are some fine shops in Valparaiso, but things seem to be very high, except fruits and flowers which are remarkably cheap, the finest roses selling for not more than five pence the dozen or one dollar of our money.

Most Popular Books at the Public Library

- A list of most popular new books in order of demand as called for at the Public Library during the month of July:
1. "The Fortunate Youth," Locke.
 2. "The Salamander," Johnson.
 3. "The Devil's Garden," Maxwell.
 4. "Plains of the Green Van," Dalrymple.
 5. "Penny," Tarkington.
 6. "Polyanna," Porter.
 7. "The Woman's Law," Thompson.
 8. "Overland Red."
 9. "The Rocks of Valpre," Dell.
 10. "Ariadne of Allen Water," McCull.
 11. "Pidgeon Island," McGrath.
 12. "Cordelia Blossom," Chester.
 13. "You Never Know Your Luck," Parker.
 14. "The Victim," Dixon.
- New books:
1. "No. 12 Washington Square," Scott.
 2. "Henry of Navarre," Hall.
 3. "Voyage of the Hoppergrass," Pearson.
 4. "One Hundred Easy Window Trims."
 5. "Salesmanship for Women," Roche.
 6. "School Hygiene," Dresler.
 7. "Banking," Scott.
 8. "Playground Technique," Leland.
 9. "Exercises for Women," Bolton.

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ANNE IVES Mascot

By H. M. EGBERT

Illustrations by O. IRWIN MYERS

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(Continued from Saturday.)

"When the American government purchased the old, worthless Panama bonds from the French company, the holders, dispersed as they were throughout the length and breadth of France, were glad to let them go for a song. Magniff & Co. acted as brokers, on the French side, and they made an enormous fortune. But, by the terms of their contract, they bound themselves to deliver all the bonds to America, in return for so many millions of dollars.

"They actually did deliver all except the small parcel which you hold. They searched for these and could not find them. They advertised—in vain. Nobody responded to their offer to purchase them. They concluded, not unreasonably, that they had been lost or destroyed and would never turn up.

"All this while the bonds were lying in their own safely deposit vault in your own father's name. He knew nothing of the demand for them, and, of course, did not imagine otherwise than that he had already disposed of them to Magniff. Now, my dear Anne, do you understand why your bonds are so valuable?"

"Not quite," I responded, still puzzled.

"Because Magniff & Co. in taking this chance, 'sold short,' as the stock exchange would say. They sold all the bonds. But they did not hold all—they did not hold yours. In consequence, they are legally compelled to deliver those bonds to the American government the very instant when they come to light. They must deliver them, at any price. If you had chosen, you could have appraised them at a billion francs apiece, and still Magniff must have purchased them. You held him in the hollow of your hand, as he and his scoundrelly son knew well. And, Anne, you have been badly outwitted by the old banker. Well, he was fighting for his existence; I have no blame for him."

"And with that fortune I could have recovered Clichy for you," I sobbed. "But Clichy has recovered you," answered my grandfather, placing one hand caressingly upon my shoulder. "Henceforward, Anne, your home will be with us—at least, so long as we have a home," he ended. "And now, Charles," he continued, "I have monopolized our relative enough. I shall go for a walk and leave you two young people together."

"Oh, please," I begged, blushing foolishly again.

But the old gentleman made his exit with a final bow and left us both looking at each other in an uncommonly sheepish way.

"I—I want to ask you something," Charles murmured presently. "Then, since I did not discourage him, he continued:

"Is it, then, true that you are unmarried in spite of the ring you wore?"

"My face was so crimson now that I could only cover it with my hands. But somehow he read assent in my act, for in a moment he was at my side.

"Why did you wear it, sun-goddess?" he asked, and I felt him raise my fingers to his lips. "Was it to cast me into the depths of hopelessness and despair?"

"Why should you despair for me, monsieur?" I asked.

"Because I love you, sun-goddess," he answered rapturously. "I loved you that first moment when you stepped so bravely into my monoplane at the aviation meet and scared with me into the empyrean. And, when I lost you, I knew that I must find you again, though I had to search all London. Then, when you were so miraculously restored to me at the abbey doors, you brought back the rest of living to me again. And then—that fatal ring! Why did you wear it, Anne?"

"Because I knew that it would be better should you never turn your thoughts on me," I managed to whisper. "We were enemies, mortal enemies, then."

"But never more," he cried. "Anne, sun-goddess, do you love me a little—enough to become my wife?"

I did. I knew I did. I knew, too, that it had been love, not hatred, which I had always felt for him, love which, released at last from its bonds, welled up spontaneously within my heart into a broad river of joy.

"Say that you love me, Anne," he pleaded, his arms about me.

"I—I love you," I murmured, and I felt his lips on mine.

"When will you marry me, Anne?" he asked, presently.

Slowly I disengaged myself. In those rapturous moments I had forgotten the mesh of circumstances that had been woven round us. Now the memory of these recurred to me.

"Some day," I answered, "when our troubles are over, Charles. When we have conquered our enemies."

With that he had to rest content. I did not feel that it would be decorous to yield too much within a single hour. Later that afternoon the mother of Charles called in her victoria and took me to their town residence. She would be satisfied with nothing but

that I should become their guest. I pleaded, however, that I must wait at the pension until the three weeks had elapsed, that the banker might readily find me should he desire to, since he could hardly communicate with me at the home of his enemies. However, I compromised by consenting to pay a few days' visit to Clichy at the end of the week.

CHAPTER VII

Mascot of Castle Clichy.

(In which I save my grandfather's estate from the clutches of his life enemy.)

I was at Castle Clichy, in my grandfather's home, and the home of my ancestors through innumerable generations.

Never, in my most extravagant dreams had I imagined that such a consummation of my journey would occur. I had set out from Winnipeg filled with hatred toward those kin-folk who had disowned my father and left him to die in need in a far country. And here I was, the guest of my grandfather and his widowed daughter, and engaged to my half-cousin, Charles.

But for the present the engagement was to be kept secret. That I insisted upon, I determined that I would win the hearts of his relatives also before allowing him to present me to them as his future bride. I could not but fear that the old come might treat him as he had treated my father.

On the third morning after my arrival I wrote to Mary Jenner, my room-mate in Winnipeg, for the first time since my departure.

"When I tell you that I am actually in my grandfather's chateau," I wrote, "you will open your eyes wide, in that taking way you have, and be glad that I am not there to say, 'I told you so.' For were you not the ringleader in the conspiracy to keep me at home till the close of the school year, when we were to make up a party to see Europe? And, Mary dear, I do hope that scheme has not fallen through. Come to France, and a royal welcome awaits you."

"Have you pursued your acquaintance with little Mr. Spratt? Poor little man! I have not yet glanced inside the covers of the monumental work of his upon the Code Napoleon, which he presented to me so proudly at the moment of my departure. He good to him, Mary, and make a man of him. He's timid with ladies, so don't be afraid to give him encouragement."

"And now you'll want to know about Castle Clichy, Mary. It is the very quaintest place—all early Norman, with bastions and moats and battlements, set in the midst of an enormous park, and most delightfully isolated. But by the time you receive this it won't be in the possession of our family any longer. Fancy being turned out of your home after you have inhabited it for eight hundred years! But we're wretchedly poor and in the hands of an unscrupulous banker, one Magniff by name, who owns a mortgage on us, and unless we can obtain twelve thousand francs—\$2,400—in a few days, to meet the interest, Clichy passes out of our hands forever."

"This Magniff is the most avaricious scoundrel imaginable, except his son, who's worse. Mary, he's agreed to pay me \$10,000 for those bonds of mine you always laughed about, when the safe is opened next week. And so I thought I might just as well pay the interest on the mortgage out of it. I wrote to him, asking him to advance me \$2,400, and he curtly refused. He has a grudge against my grandfather and means to turn him out of his home. I went to Paris to plead with him, and he sent out word he would not see me. Think of it; my grandfa-



"I Love You," I murmured, and I Felt His Lips to Mine.

ther must lose his property when, less than a week afterward, I shall receive enough money to have saved it many times over! Well, I've done my best and there's no use crying over it now.

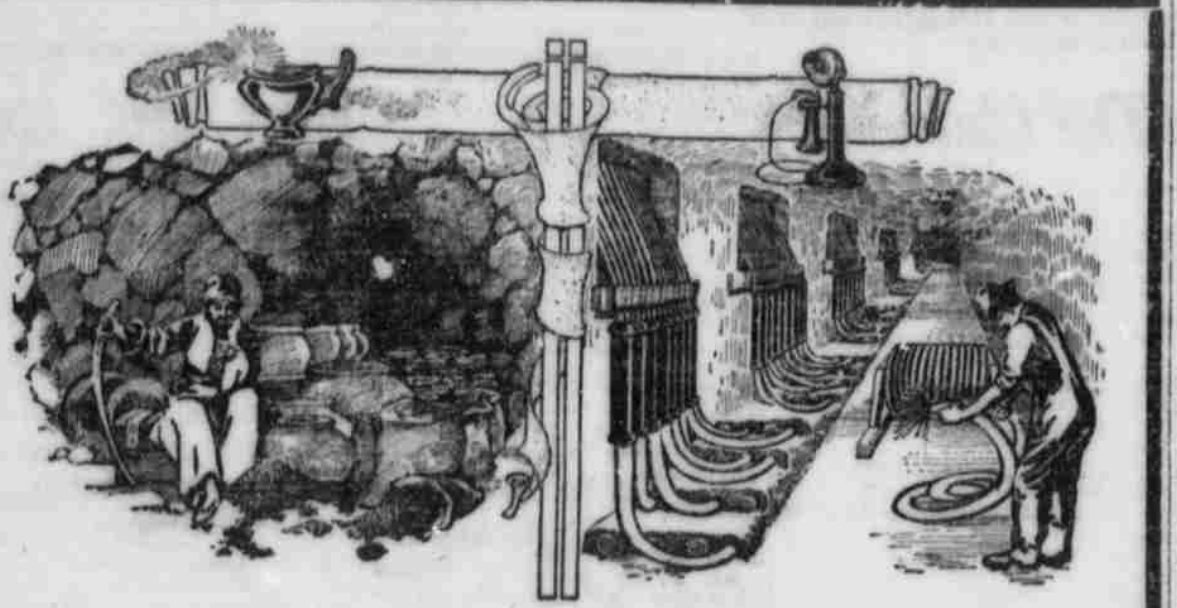
"Come to France, Mary, and all of you, right soon. I embrace you and salute you, as we French say."

"P. S. I'm quite French now!" I did not convey in this letter the sense of impotence, the burning anger with which the banker's conduct had inspired me. When I had proposed to my grandfather that he let me meet the interest due out of the proceeds from the bonds, he seemed to realize the futility of the attempt.

"If I do use, my little Anne," he said, "I thank you for the depths of my heart. But you will be hearing against a granite wall. Magniff means to have Clichy, and he won't advance you a penny until the vault is opened. Then, nothing can be done."

And, as I have described in my letter to Mary, I bent in vain against the granite wall of Magniff's vindictive hatred. Now we were already setting our affairs in order, packing our few cherished possessions ready to leave.

(Continued Tomorrow Afternoon.)



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